

# THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,  
at severall doores.

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes  
the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,  
Which manifold record not matches: Ice  
Magick of Bounty, all these spirits thy power  
Hath coniur'd to attend.  
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,  
To an vntyreable and continuat goodnesse:  
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,  
It flames the glory in that happy Verse,  
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jew. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedic-  
ation to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slip't idly from me.

Our Poetrie is as a Cowne, which vics  
From whence 'tis nourish't: the fire i'th Flint  
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame  
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies  
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.

Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace  
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power  
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination  
Moues in this Lip, to th' dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:

Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,

It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife

Liues in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Po. You see this confluence; this great flood of visitors,

I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge

With amplest entertainment: My free drift

Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe

In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold,

But flies an Eagle fligh't, bold, and forth on,

Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboile to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,

As well of glib and slippry Creatures, as

Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe

Their seruices to Lord Timon: his large fortune,

Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loues better

Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timons nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd,

The Base o'th Mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures

That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,

To propagate their staves; among't them all,

Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,

One do I personate of Lord Timons frame,

Whom Fortune with her luery hand wais to her,

Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants

Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope

This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

With one man becken'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the sleepey Mount  
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest  
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heere me on:

All those which were his Fellowes but of late,  
Some better then his valew; on the moment  
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,  
Raine Sacrificall whisperings in his care,  
Make Sacred euen his styttop, and through him  
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood  
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants  
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,  
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,  
Nor one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,  
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,  
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,  
To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes haue seene  
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curtously  
to every Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mer. My good Lord, five Talents is his debt,  
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:

Your Honourable Letter he desires

To those haue shut him vp, which failing,

Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius, well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off  
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him  
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,  
Which he shall haue. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mer. Your Lordship euer binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,  
And being enfranchiz'd bid him come to me;

'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,  
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mer. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heere me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucilius.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. Timon, this thy Creature,  
By night frequents my house. I am a man

That from my first haue bene inclin'd to thrift,

And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,

Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,

On whom I may conferre what I haue got:

The Maid is faire, a th' youngest for a Bride,

And I haue bred her at my deere cost

In Qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,  
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,

His honesty rewards him in it selfe,

It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs  
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,

I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose

Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,

And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,

If she be maried with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine

Hath seru'd me long:

To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,

For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoize,

And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,

Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may

That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not owed to you.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,

And long liue your Lordship.

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heere from me anon:

Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech

Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Naturall man:

For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,

He is but out-side: These Penit'd Figures are

Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,

And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance

Till you heere further from me.

Pain. The Gods preferre ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.

We must needs dine together: fir your Jewell

Hath suffered vnder praise.

Jewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere saciety of Commendations,

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,

It would vnclew me quite.

Jewel. My Lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would giue: but you well know,

Things of like valew differing in the Owners,

Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,

You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd. Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speaks y common toong

Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Jewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle Apemantus.